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RIP OFF COMIX

no. 28

DREAMS

MATURE READING

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DREAMS

RIP OFF COMIX NO. 28

EDITOR George Parsons

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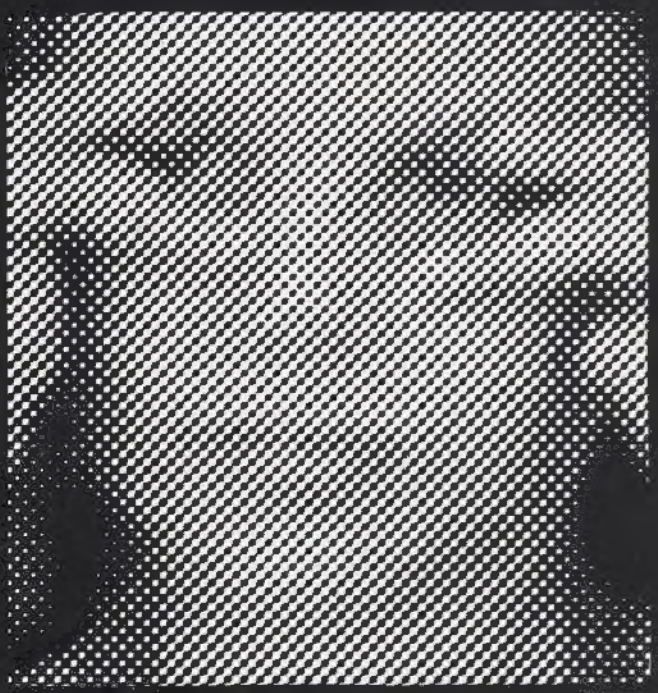

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GEORGE PARSONS ..... BACK COVER

SEND ME YOUR DREAMS... **GEORGE PARSONS c/o THE OTHER, P.O. BOX 434, NEVADA CITY, CA 95959**

BEST WISHES TO: "JANET," CHRISTINE, DON & THE TIJUANA CREW, THE BLEGVAD BOYS, BRIAN WILSON, J.M.S., JOJO & GAIL, JOY, PERE UBU, KVMR 89.5 FM, DUANE BORDERS, KEN NORDINE, ALEX (TWICE), KRAMER, POPEYE & CHRIS METZGER.

The Richard Sala stories originally appeared in Richard's limited edition publication *Night Drive*.

The drawing by Jaime & Beto Hernandez originally appeared as cover art for Ed Brubaker's *Purgatory U.S.A.* (Slave Labor Graphics).

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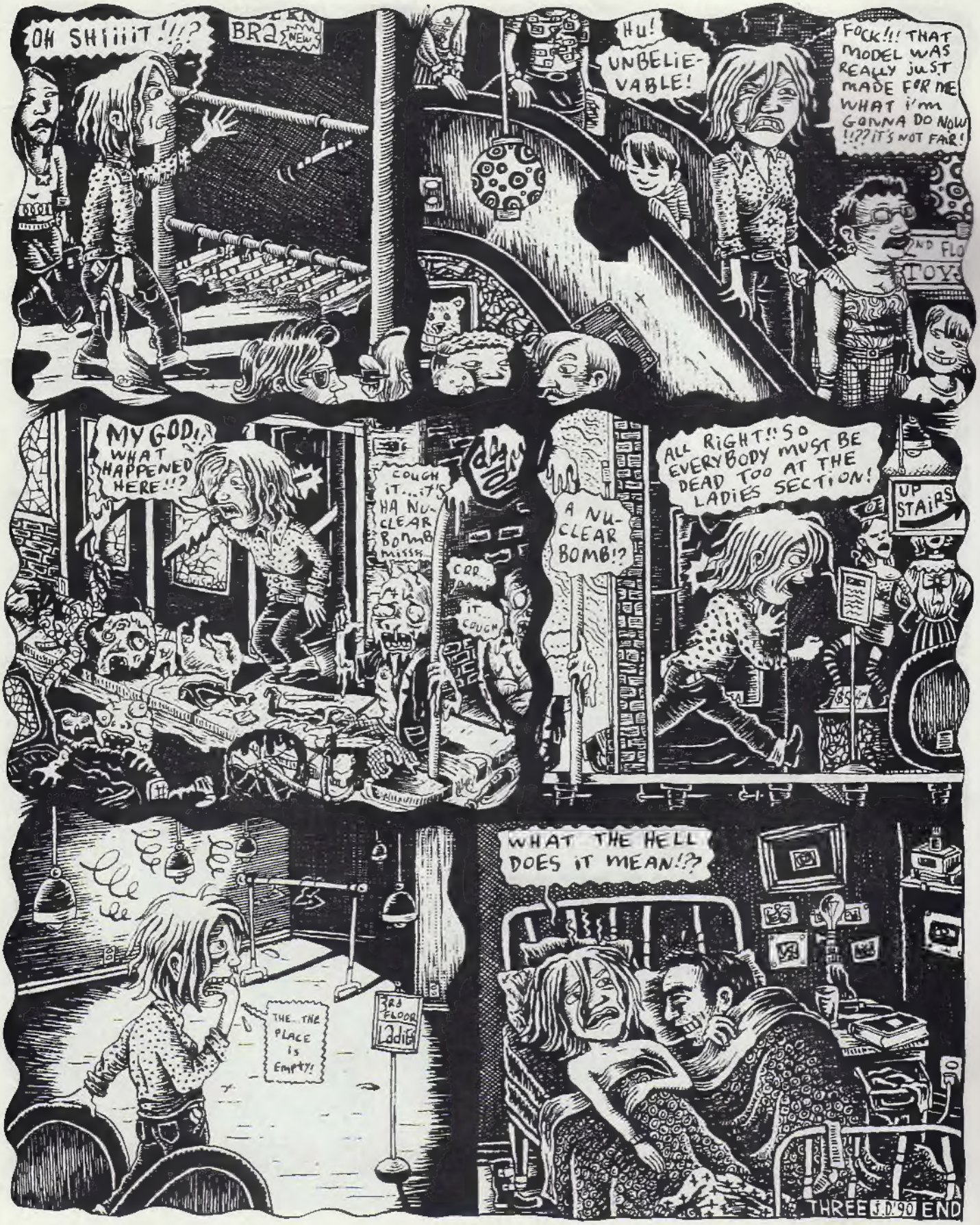
PROLOGUE
JULIE! YOU'RE 14 NOW, YOU SHOULD WEAR A BRA! YOU'RE A WOMAN
YES MOM
GO TO HELL MOM!!! NEVER! I'LL NEVER WEAR THAT THING!!
OKAY I'M GOING TO SEE MY ESTHETICIAN... SEE YOU LATER!
YEAH MOM BYE MOM!
AND I STILL DONT WEAR A BRA!
MY BREAST IS SMALL AND SOLID ANYWAY...
BEEP BEEP
"BUT NOT SMALL ENOUGH TO BE UNSEEN!..."
HEY LOOK AT THESE SUGAR TITS!
UMPF!.. PIGS!
SO WHY I HAD THAT STUPID DREAM?!
A DREAM BY JULIE DOUCET '90
MM MBL?
I'M SO HAPPY I'M GONNA BUY MYSELF A BRA!
ONE

SALE
VISA
3RD FLOOR LADIES
BRAS
CASH
WOW... LOTS OF PEOPLE HERE!
SPORT STYLE $15.99
SEC BRA RITY
UH NO NO NOT THAT ONE...
HO! THAT'S FOR ME!
MODERN BRA NEW
YEEAH NICE MODEL!
OOPS IT'S NOT MY SIZE
BRA NEW
TWO

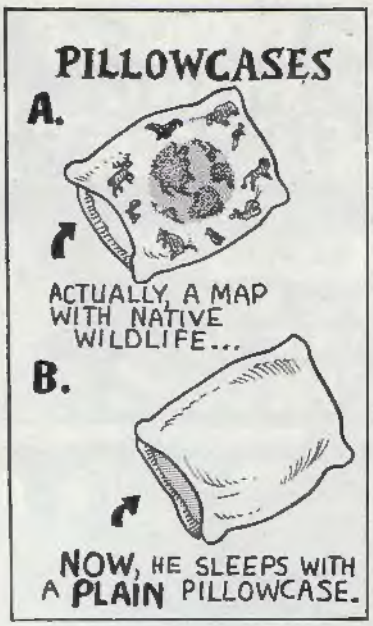

OH SHIIIIT!!!?
BRA
NEW
Hu!
UNBELIEVABLE!
FOCK!!! THAT MODEL WAS REALLY JUST MADE FOR ME WHAT I'M GOINNA DO NOW !!?? IT'S NOT FAIR!
TOYS
MY GOD!! WHAT HAPPENED HERE!!?
COUGH IT...IT'S HA NUCLEAR BOMB MASSS.
CRR
IT COUGH
A NUCLEAR BOMB!?
ALL RIGHT!! SO EVERYBODY MUST BE DEAD TOO AT THE LADIES SECTION!
UP STAIRS
THE...THE PLACE IS EMPTY!
3RD FLOOR Ladies
WHAT THE HELL DOES IT MEAN!!?
THREE J.D.90 END

SUSPICION

JUDY BECKER c.1990

Jesse's Dreams

© SHARON RUDAHL '90



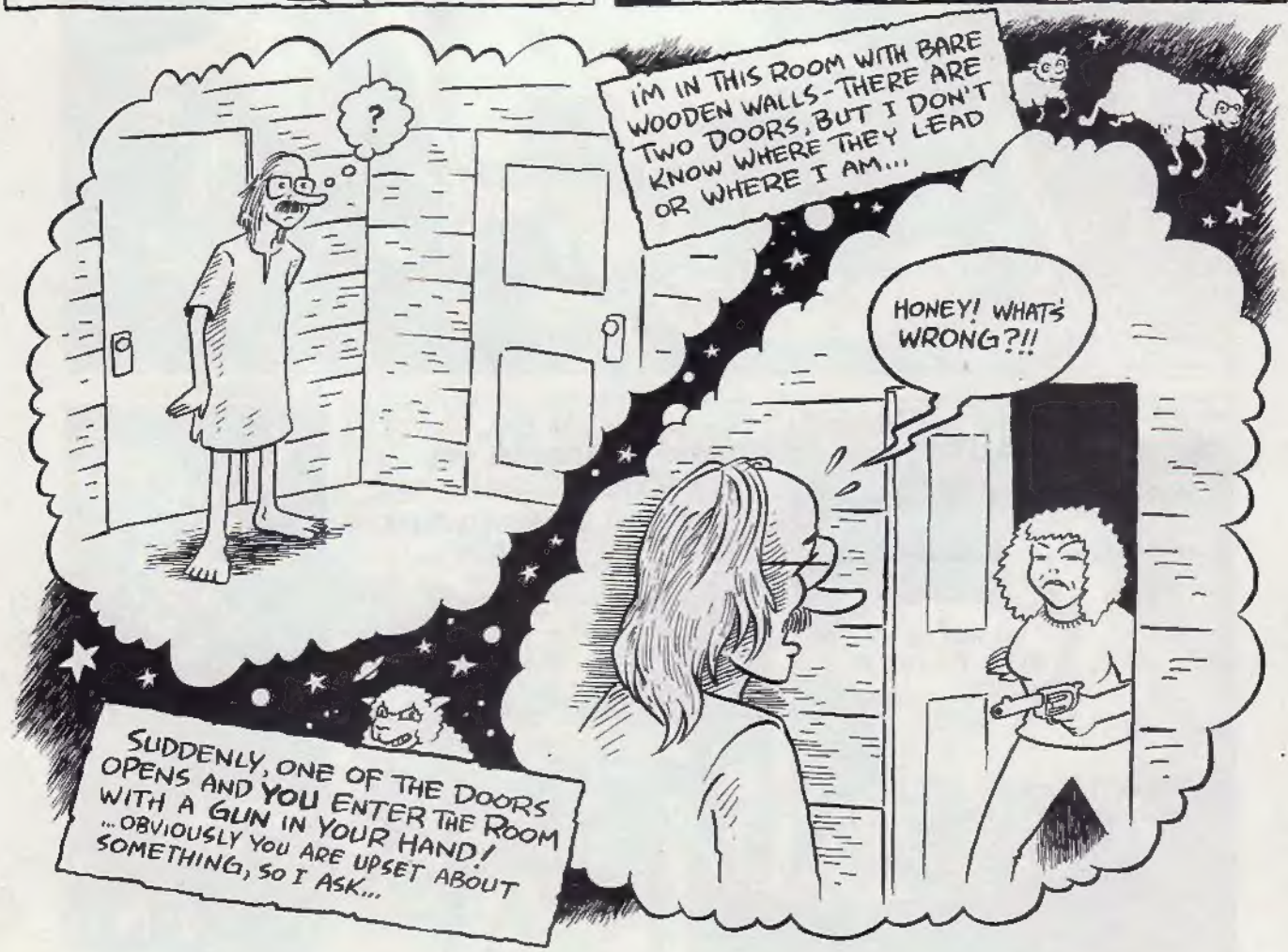
© SHARON AUDAHL '90

ADDENDA: APRIL 6, 1990 – JESSE DREAMS THAT "JELLY MONSTER" DISSECTS HIS PET CAT...

The PERILS of COUNTING SHEEP in your SLEEP
- OR -
PULLING The WOOL over Your THIGHS
COUGH-SPUT! HA-HA-HA!! GAG!!
A JOURNEY INTO THE SUBCONSCIOUS SPACE BETWEEN THE EARS OF R.L. GRAIBB © 1990

ARE YOU OKAY?!!
I... JUST... HAD.. SPUT..
...THIS WEIRD DREAM HA-HA-HA!!

I GOTTA... PFFT... TELL YA BEFORE... HEH.. I FORGET IT, KATE!!
I HOPE IT'S A SHORT ONE!
YEH-OK LISTEN...


?
I'M IN THIS ROOM WITH BARE WOODEN WALLS - THERE ARE TWO DOORS, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHERE THEY LEAD OR WHERE I AM...
HONEY! WHAT'S WRONG?!!
SUDDENLY, ONE OF THE DOORS OPENS AND YOU ENTER THE ROOM WITH A GUN IN YOUR HAND! ...OBVIOUSLY YOU ARE UPSET ABOUT SOMETHING, SO I ASK...

YOU'VE BEEN FUCKING SOMEBODY AND I WANNA KNOW WHO IT IS!

...THEN IT CAME TO ME...I KNEW WHAT TO DO...

..ALRIGHT..

...I ADMIT IT!

I'LL KILL HER! ...ESPECIALLY IF SHE'S THIN!

GRR!!

THERE...NOW YOU KNOW THE TRUTH!

BAAA?

OH GOD!! NOTHING COULD BE WORSE THAN THIS!!

I'M AFRAID IT IS WORSE... ...YOU SEE...

...IT'S A MALE SHEEP...

...I CAN'T GET OFF UNLESS I HAVE A SHEEP SHANK UP MY SHIT SHAFT.!!

YOU'RE SICK, CRABMAN! ..G'NIGHT...

YEAH?.. NOT THAT SICK, I HOPE...

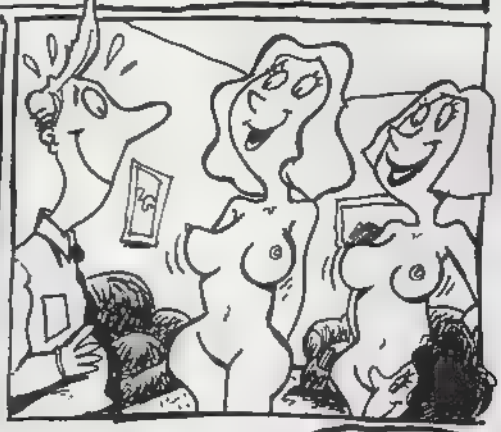
TAP TAP

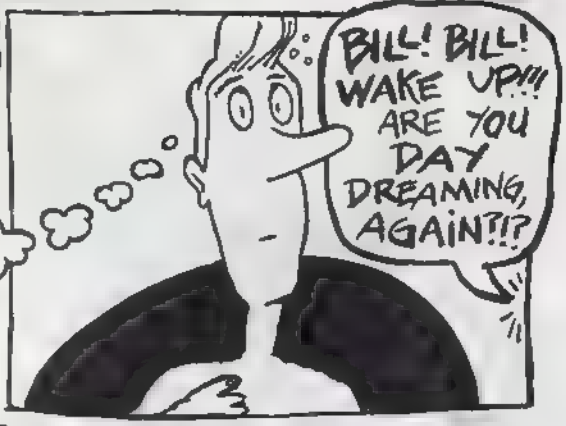
DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

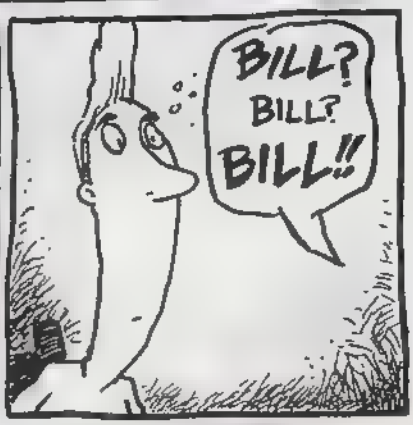
...TIME TO WAKE UP!!

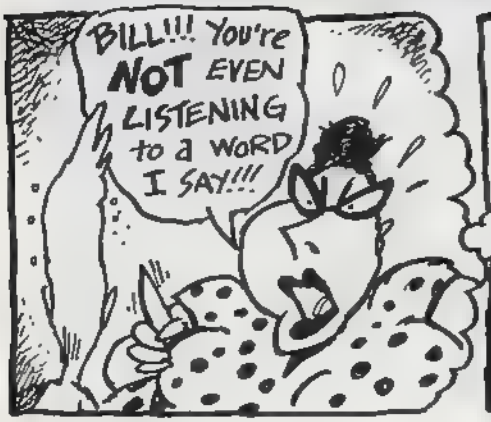
The Dream Dream

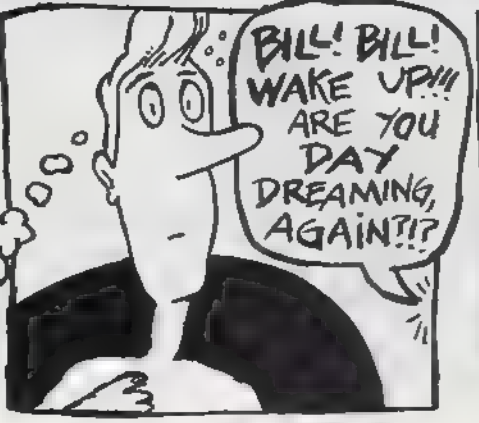
by KAUfman ©1990





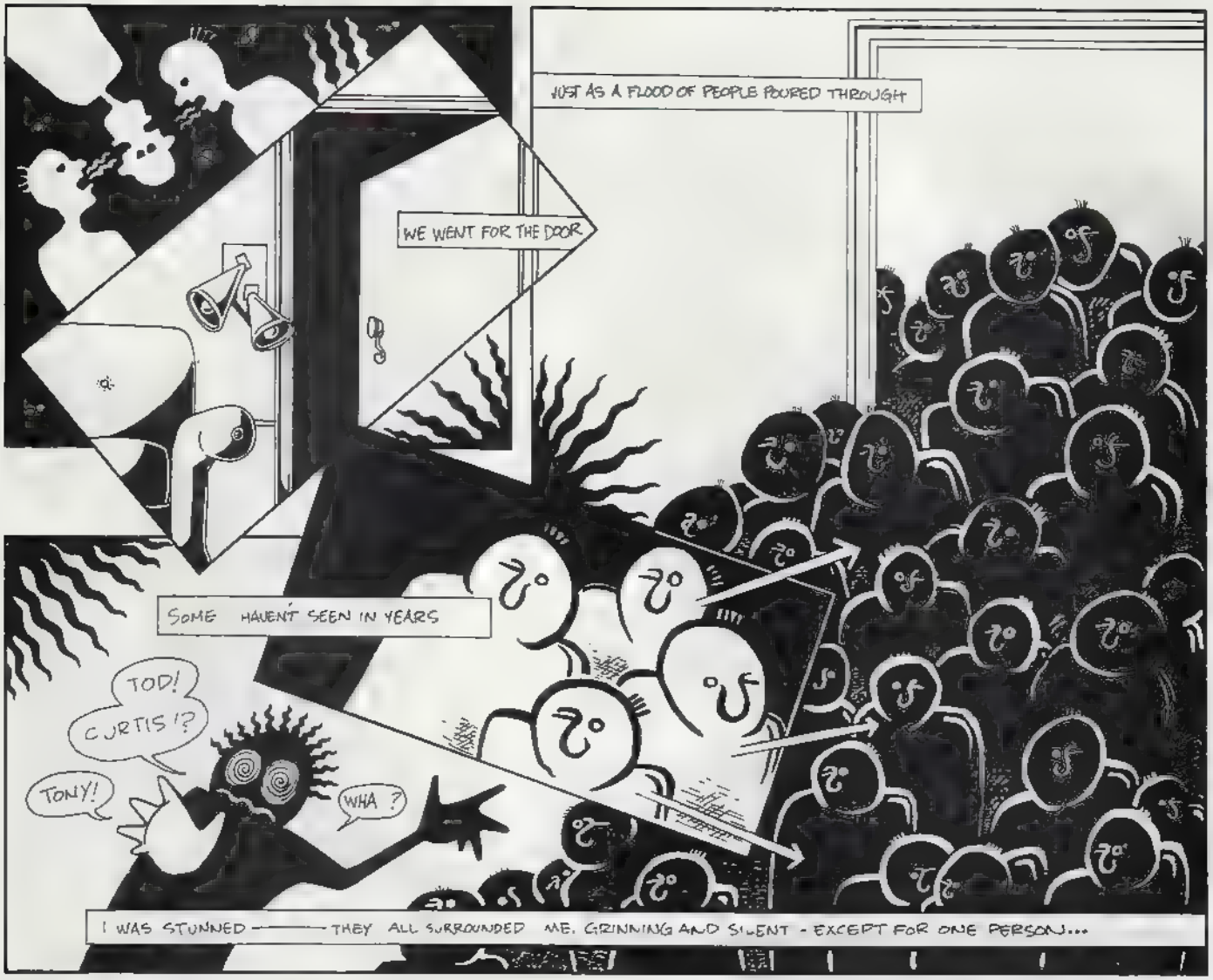






The END.

©B. Hilvitz 1990
7/8 A.M.
"TOUCH IT AND I'LL GO ON SAID ROB. HE WAS SHOWING ME A MICRO WAVE. "THE ICE MAKER AS WELL."
"Why doesn't the ice melt?"
I ASKED.
WALKING DOWN A TREE-LINED STREET - GLANCING OVER MY SHOULDER I NOTICED A METER MAID TICKETING CARS
VIOLATION
YOU MUST PAY
TODAY $ 10.00
ONE WEEK $ 22.00
WEEKEND $ 39.00
TWO WEEKS $ 56.00
A MONTH $ 111.00
A YEAR $ 292.00
DEPARTMENT O' VEHICLES
ON THE TICKET WAS A LLOYD DAVIS DRAWING OF A METER MAID TICKETING A CAR. I ASKED FOR ONE
CAN I HAVE ONE?
NO
THEN SHE PUSHED ME AWAY
I FOUND MY SELF AT WHAT I THOUGHT WAS MY FRIEND ROB'S APARTMENT
WAIT! IS THIS THE RIGHT PLACE? WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE?
I SAT WITH SOME OF THEM TO SMOKE SOME POT - WHEN SOMEONE'S MOTHER APPEARED
I MAKE THE PIPE
NO
THIS IS MY BRAIN?
EVERYONE AROUND ME LEFT GUILT STRICKEN.....
THEN I HEARD AN ALARM
OUT THE WINDOW WAS A FIRE AND A TRUCK SILOUETTED.
I'M NOT AT THE RIGHT PLACE - THIS ISN'T 37TH ST.
EXCUSE ME... UH... WHERE'S 15TH ST.?
GO OUT THE DOOR AND TAKE A LEFT
I MET UP WITH MY FRIEND JOHN - WE DECIDED TO GO
LET'S GET THE HELL OUT'A HERE


WE WENT FOR THE DOOR.
JUST AS A FLOOD OF PEOPLE POURED THROUGH
SOME HAVENT SEEN IN YEARS
TOD!
CURTIS!?
TONY!
WHA ?
I WAS STUNNED ——— THEY ALL SURROUNDED ME. GRINNING AND SILENT - EXCEPT FOR ONE PERSON...

WHO SAID PROUDLY...
?
AND LOOK WHO ELSE IS HERE!... PENNY MARSHALL!
PLINK
PENNY MARSHALL!?
END

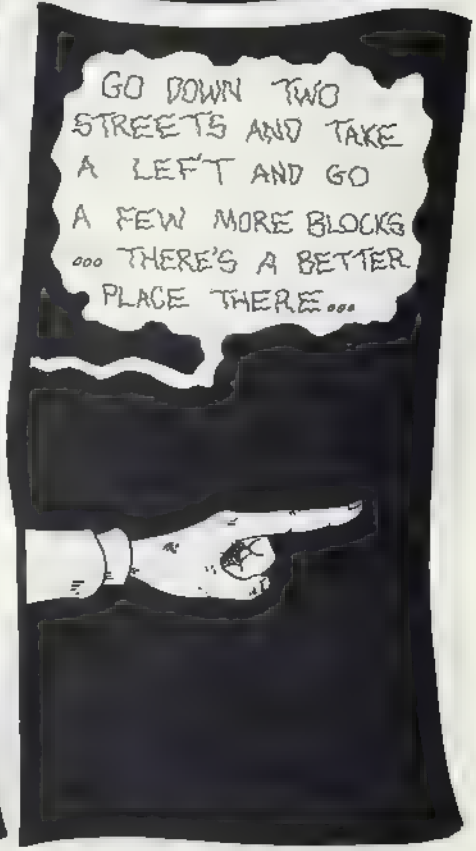
LOVE + FEAR

...I'M WITH CAROLE IN SOME CITY, IT'S AFTER MIDNIGHT AND WE'RE LOOKING TO EAT...
HOW ABOUT DENNY'S..? WE ALWAYS LIKE DENNY'S...
Denny's

WAIT!

DON'T GO IN THERE... THEY WON'T SERVE YOU ...

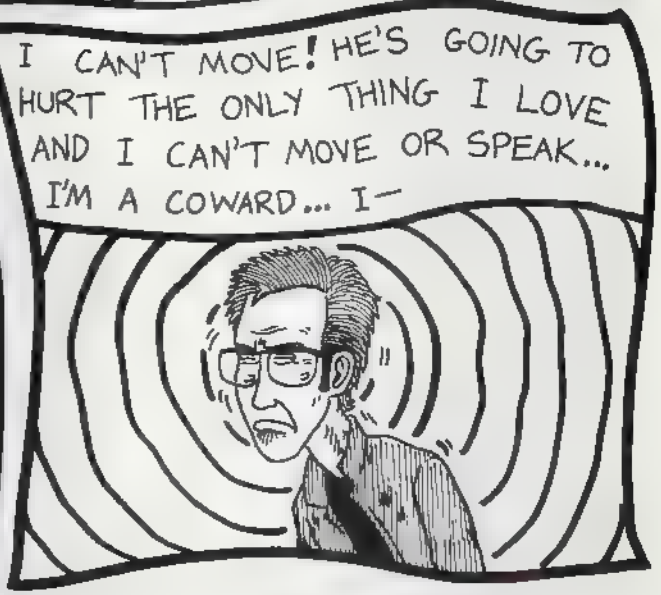
...THEY HATE YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE WHITE ...


GO DOWN TWO STREETS AND TAKE A LEFT AND GO A FEW MORE BLOCKS ... THERE'S A BETTER PLACE THERE...

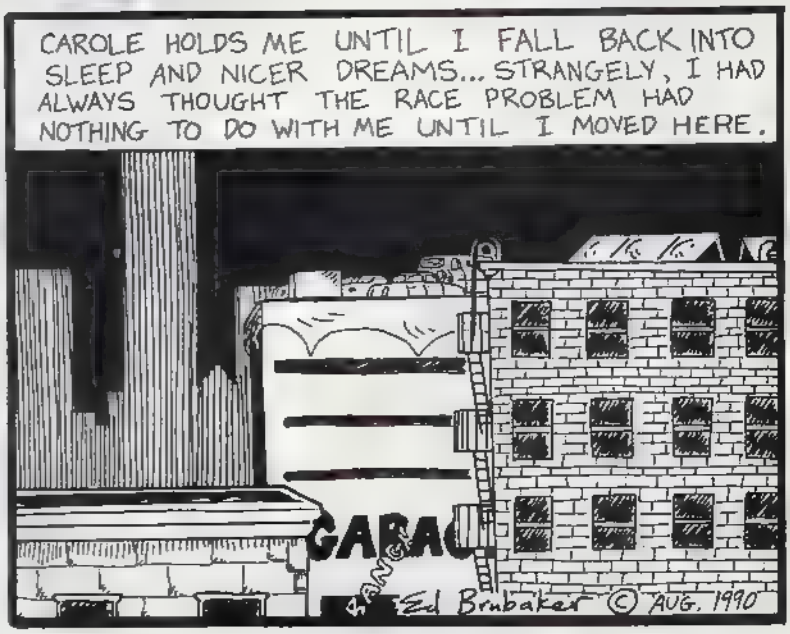
SO WE FOLLOW HIS DIRECTIONS...BUT HE SENDS US TO WHAT SEEMS LIKE A WORSE NEIGHBORHOOD...
THE SIDEWALK IS SHRINKING SO I STAND IN THE STREET AND CAROLE IS ON THE CURB...WE SEE SOMETHING UP AHEAD...
HOTEL
2

...FOR SOME REASON I'M FROZEN...

HE SMILES AT ME AND PULLS OUT A PAIR OF SCISSORS AND LIFTS A STRAND OF HER HAIR...


I CAN'T MOVE! HE'S GOING TO HURT THE ONLY THING I LOVE AND I CAN'T MOVE OR SPEAK... I'M A COWARD... I—

NOOOOO!!


CAROLE HOLDS ME UNTIL I FALL BACK INTO SLEEP AND NICER DREAMS... STRANGELY, I HAD ALWAYS THOUGHT THE RACE PROBLEM HAD NOTHING TO DO WITH ME UNTIL I MOVED HERE.
Ed Brubaker © AUG. 1990

I USUALLY REMEMBER ONLY SMALL BITS OF DREAMS. HERE ARE SOME...
©R WORDEN '90
I WAS ARGUING WITH ELVIS ABOUT THE CONTRAS AND THE "STEALTH" BOMBER...
THEY ARE THE WORST FUCKIN' SCUM ON EARTH, YA IGNORANT SWOLLEN SACK O' SHIT!
YA UN-AMERICAN SKINNY COMMIE!
...THERE WERE ALL THESE GELATIN SKULLS LYING ALL OVER THE FLOOR ... I KICKED 'EM INTO A PILE...
... I MET THIS GUY, UGLY GUY, SO HORRIBLY MEAN HE TOLD HIS SON ALL THE GOLD IN HIS TEETH WAS TAKEN OUT OF CHARLIE MANSON'S MOUTH!

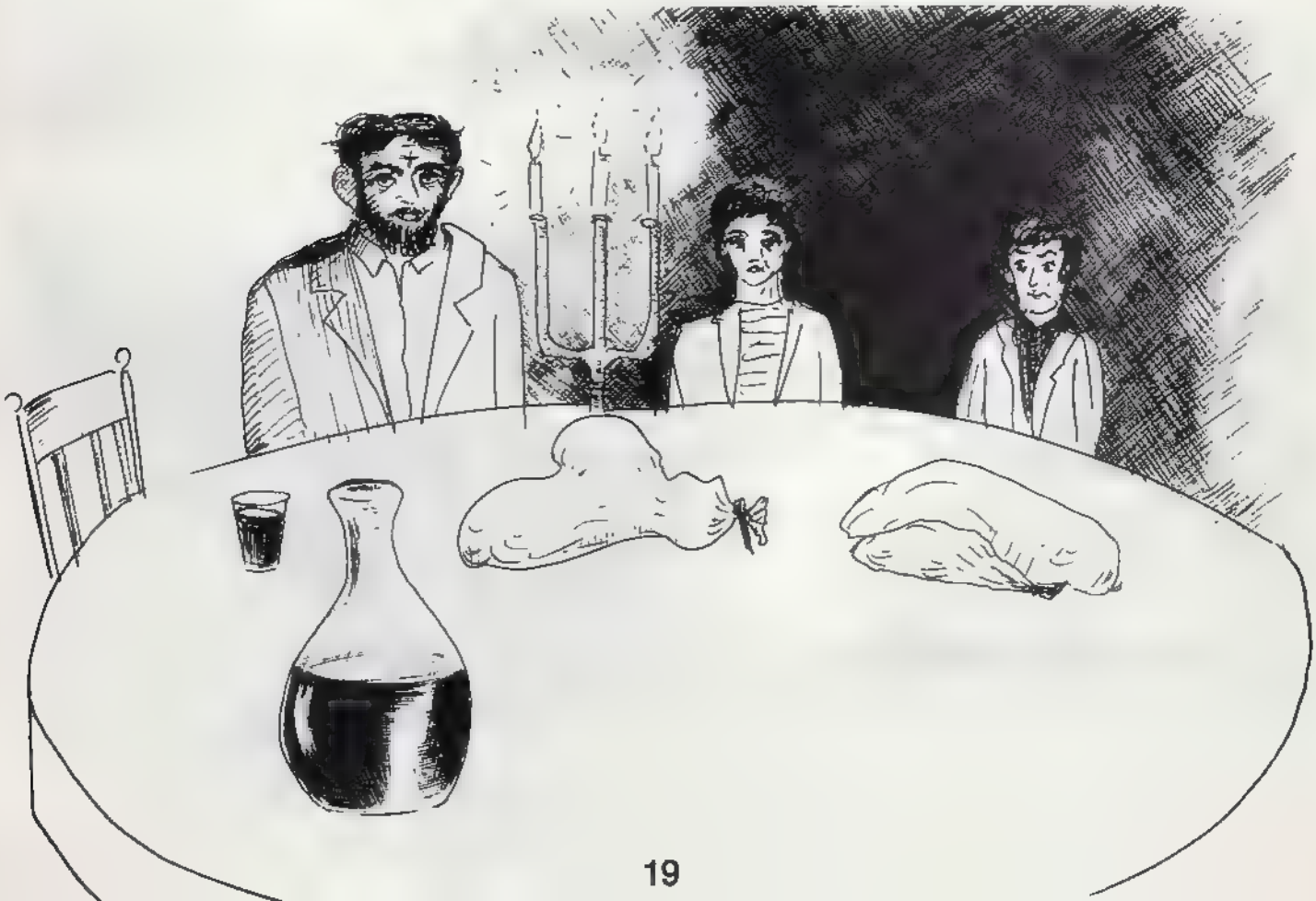
NAKED WOMEN
PRAISE THE PORNO MAG!
...I WAS DANCING AROUND IMITATING A CRAZED "BORN AGAIN" PREACHER, THEN I PICKED UP A "GIRLY" MAG AND YELLED OUT "PRAISE THE PORNO MAG!"
I WAS TRAPPED IN A HUGE BIKER GANG'S PARTY HOUSE AND DISCOVERED THEY WERE BEING OBSERVED/CONTROLLED BY SOME MIDDLE-AGED FEMALE ALIENS FROM OUTER SPACE.
SIRIUS PSYCHOS
SIRIUS PSYCHOS GIRL
F.T.W.
A VERY SMALL U.F.O. CAME DOWN AND SURROUNDED MY HAND LIKE A GHOST...
YOU'LL BE ALRIGHT...
ON MY KNEES
I FELL INTO AN ECSTATIC TRANCE WHILE A SMALL CHILD COMFORTED ME.
THEN I WOKE UP...
THE END

HOSTESS
XAIME 87
&
BETO 87

"Dreams of Paris?"

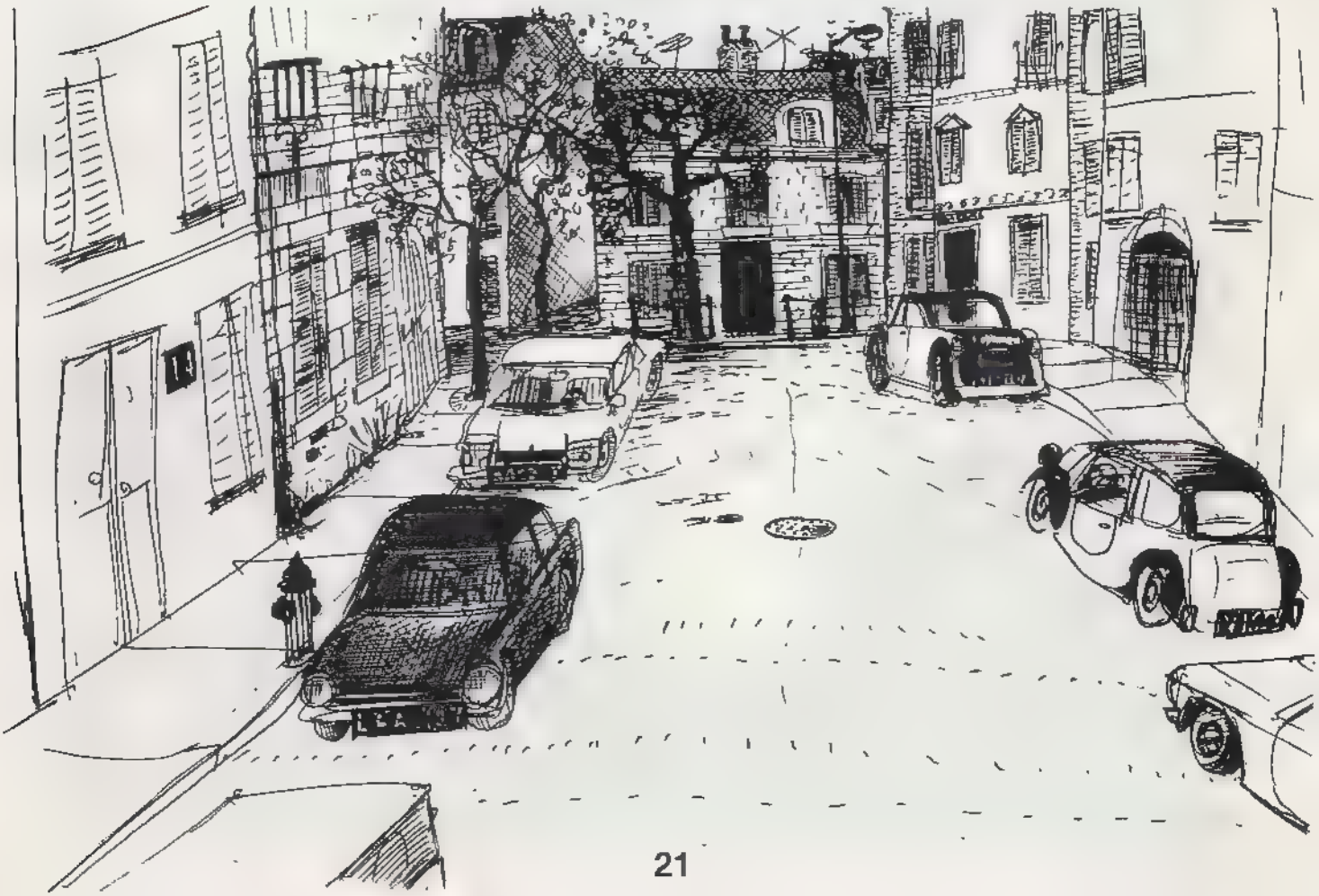
by Jonathan Richman

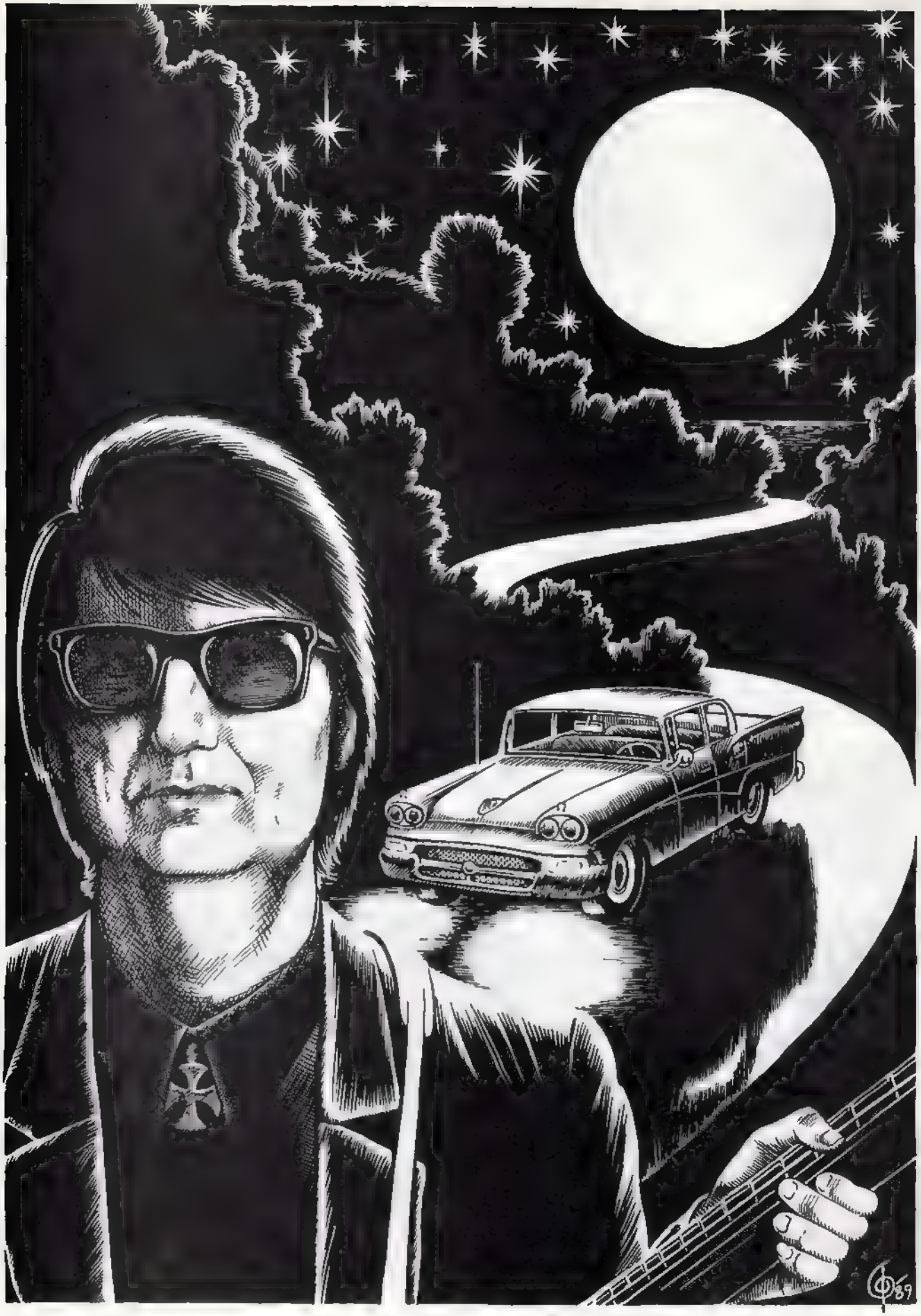
It was 1968 or 69. This dream happened while I was still living at home—I was 17 or 18. I "knew" it was Paris, no sign said so, nor did I hear a voice. I was about 12 or 13 years old in the dream, and I don't remember whether I saw myself or was looking out through the eyes of a 12-year-old... but it wasn't a happy scene. We were a gang of petty crooks with an older guy about 45 years old as our boss. It was such a vivid dream that I can still see it enough to draw it more than twenty years later.



The next year I went to visit my cousin in Israel and the first international stop was Paris. I walked around and one day got on a bus just to ride. I just got off any-old-where far from downtown and figured I'd take a cab back

Then I saw this neighborhood on the side of a green and the dream came back to me, though I hadn't been thinking about it. I can't pretend to be skeptical about reincarnation, in fact I was expecting it. But I was expecting it in Germany or Israel (I'm Jewish), not France. Anyway I said to myself, "If there's a side road that goes to the right and downhill, then that's the neighborhood I dreamed about." There was and it did, so I walked up and down this little street—but I didn't recognize any building.





NACHT MERRE

©1990 THE PIZZ

WE'RE STUCK IN THIS OLD HOSPITAL, ALL COVERED WITH DRIED VOMIT AN' SMOKIN' CAMELS IN THE DARK...

THE NITE NURSE ENTERS WITH A HUGE HYPODERMIC. WE GET OUR ARM READY

HER HYPO GROWS IT WONT GO IN

IT IS TOO BIG & WOBBLY

WERE SWEATIN CURSING

SUDDENLY WE AM ALONE...

REALIZE IT WAS ALL A DREAM.. YOU GETS NO SHOTS IN THE DE-TOX UNIT...

WE THROWS UP AGAIN AN LIGHT ANOTHER CAMEL STRAIGHT, PICK TOBACCO AN PUKE OUTA OUR TEETH

ALL WE'VE EATEN IN DAYS IS ICE, OUR MUSCLES HAVE A WILL OF THEMSELVES, OF WRITHIN' SNAKES COILED IN COTTS GLOWIN' IN THE DARK - NEON OILS

NO SLEEP IN 4 DAYS. THE LIGHT & NIGHT MERGE OUR MIND MELDS OUR BRAIN GOES OVERLOAD...

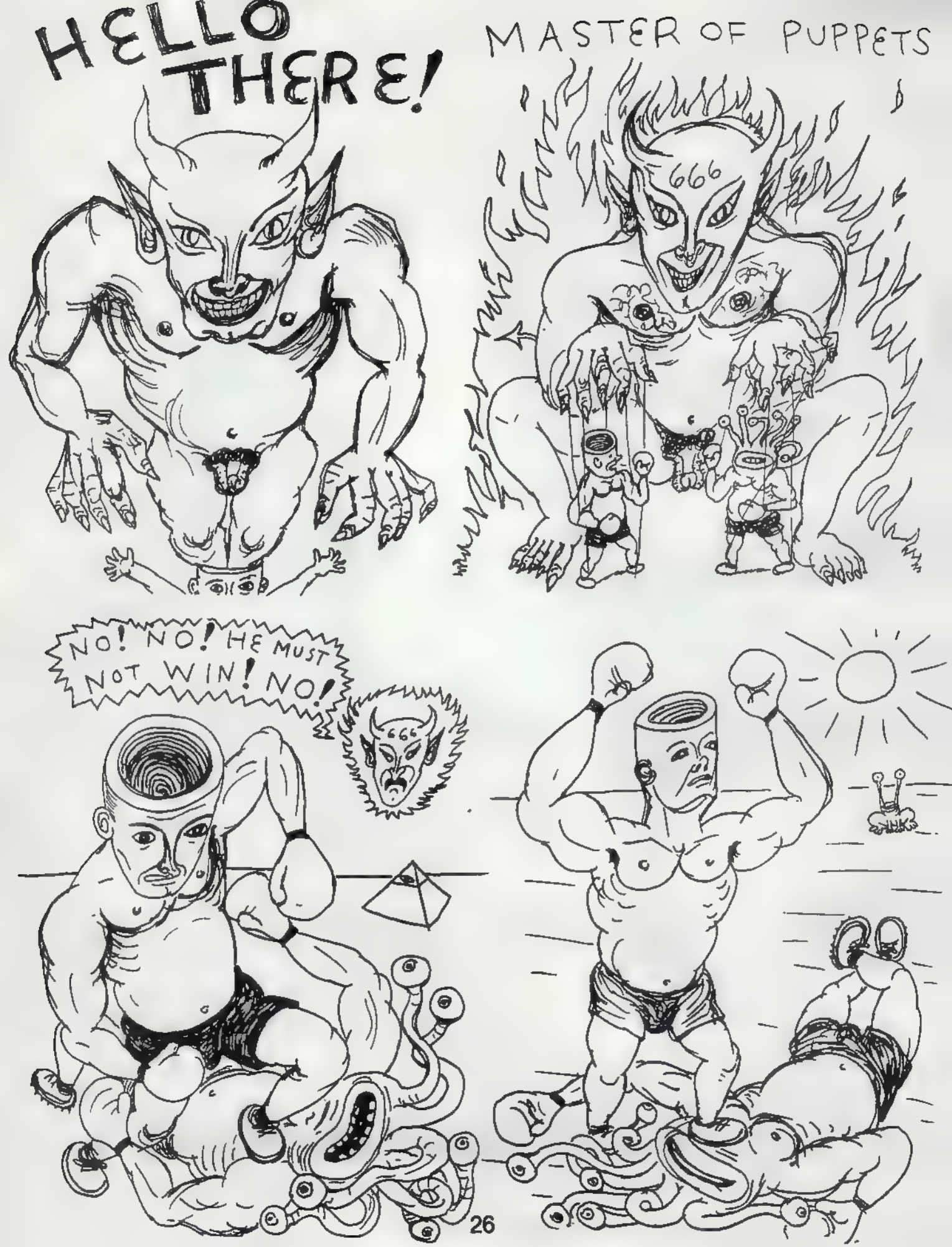
THE PRICE OF VICE. I CURSE THE OTHER FOR THIS MESS. HE TALKS TO ME OF ESCAPE

ALL WE HAVE SEEN ON TV & READ & HEARD BOMBARDS BACK WE REALIZE OUR BRAIN VOMITS TOO

WE MERGE WITH OTHER GREAT LOSERS: LENNY BRUCE ELVIS DELUSH! OUR OWN PRIVATE HELL!

WE FLY FREE OF THOSE SOILED SHEETS THRO AN OPEN WINDOW THE NIGHT IS CLEAR NO ONE CAN SEE US UP HERE!!

WE START TO SINK INTO THE BLACK MURKY SHADOWS UNKNOWN FORCES SIEZE US PARALYSIS ENCROACHES
SLUGGISH MUSCLE STRUCTURE WITHERS AND FALLS OFF BONES LIKE SEAWEEDS
THICK MUDDY ATMOSPHERE CHOKING STRANGLING NO MOVEMENT PAINS
LIGHTS STAB OUR EYES BLEEDING OUT OUR SKULL
COLD RUBBER ANTISEPTIC FINGER RAMMED DOWN MOUTH VOICES SWAL LOWED FUCKING SHEET TUBES HISSING NOISE
"PULL OUT THE IONOBE 20CCS DEMEROL TO STOP THE SEIZURES"
WE WANDER SURROUNDED BY MEDICAL WHITE REALIZING WE'VE BEEN DISTURBED FROM OUR FIRST SLEEP IN DAYS
WE STRUGGLE WITHOUT SHOULDER SILENT SHRIEK EPILEPTIC FOOTSTEPS SIEZURE
CLOUD DESCENDING THRU CLOUD COVER WE LEAVE THE EARTH OF LIGHT NOBODY SAW A JUNGLE
SLOW MOTION ABORT TALK WE PLAY GOD EDITOR DIRECTOR
WE FLY OVER ALL THE NIGHT ON OUR DREAM STEED
BELOW US IS OUR YOUTH CHILDHOOD FAILURES IN THE SCHOOL YARD PETTY TRIUMPHS OF WILL
THE HANDS OF AUTHORITY SIEZE US WE ARE ETHER OUR TERROR IS ALL ENVELOPING LIKE FOG
WE MOVE LIKE MOLLASES THRU TWISTING SEX TORSOS BODIES INTERFACE FACES SHIFT TRAFFIC LIGHTS
THE ALL SHIFTING WE ARE AND CENTER OF EVERYTHING SIMULTANEOUSLY


HELLO THERE!
MASTER OF PUPPETS
666
NO! NO! HE MUST NOT WIN! NO!
666

YOU DID IT! YOU KILLED THE MONSTER!
WOW!

YOU KNOW, I THINK I'M ALMOST GONNA MISS YOU!

FREE AT LAST!
IT'S ABOUT TIME!

HI! HOW ARE YOU?
POOR ME POOR ME POOR ME
RETIRED
Daniel Johnston

QUALMS IN THE NIGHT

©1984 R. SALA

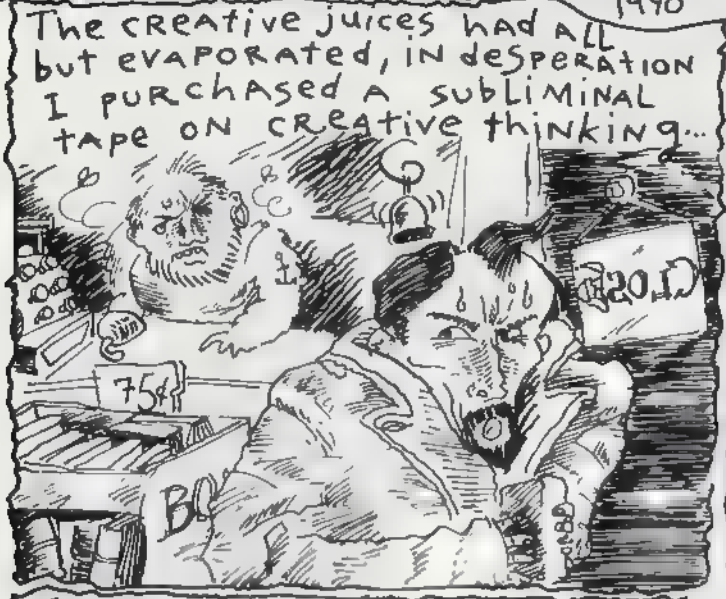
HYPNOTIC EYES

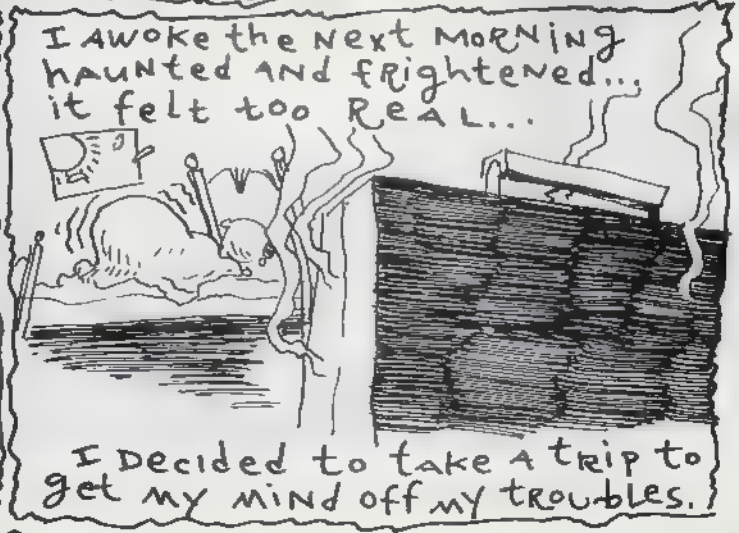
©1984 R. Sala

Nightmare Sublime

©M. Hernandez 1990

with apologies to R. Sala





...ALL DURING MY TRIP I COULD'NT GET THE DREAM OUT OF MY MIND!
I HAD TO GET BACK HOME TO THAT TAPE!
MY BROTHER, WHO HAD BEEN WATCHING MY HOUSE, TOLD ME HE HAD LENT THE TAPE TO HIS GIRL-FRIEND...
WE SPED OVER TO HER PLACE...
...IT WAS TOO LATE...
THE GIRL HAD JUST BEEN IN THE THROES OF A TERRIBLE NIGHT-VISION! SHE WAS DISTRAUGHT!
MY BROTHER THEN CONFESSED THAT HE HAD LISTENED TO THE TAPE TWICE AND BOTH TIMES HAD EXPERIENCED TERRIBLE DREAMS THAT WERE STILL HAUNTING HIM!
THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO...
...IT HAS BEEN THREE WEEKS, WE ARE TOO AFRAID TO VENTURE OUT EXCEPT FOR FOOD. ...I INSERT THE TAPE AND WE LAY DOWN ONCE AGAIN... TO DREAM.

DREAM LETTERS

8/12/90

Dear George,

About eight years ago, when I was still drinking constantly, I started having lucid dreams and out-of-body dreams. I woke up every night after sleeping four hours, and then I would put myself back to sleep with my TM mantra. I don't whether the dreams came from the mantra or from the booze.

One kind of dream I had was the basic lucid dream where I realized I was dreaming and could do anything I wanted. So I would fly, or create landscapes, or look at whatever books and pictures were around ("astral" versions of my own books and pictures) or whatever else I could think of. I found that the dream world would not always bend itself to my will. That, too, was a revelation.

Sometimes I dreamed that I woke up in bed and could feel someone getting into bed with me. These dreams were tactile and very realistic. I always had to roll over to see who it was, and it was always an effort. I also had to shake off the t-shirt that I always put over my eyes when I sleep. My visitor was someone different each time, never anyone I knew (except for one time that I'm going to tell you about), a man, a woman, a boy, a girl, never anyone scary. I would talk with this person for awhile (I don't recall any of the conversations) and then it would change shape and disappear and I would fly up out of my body, bounce off the ceiling and the walls, and land on the floor ready for adventures in my "astral form."

I live in a warehouse that has been broken up into studios with a "common area" that includes a kitchen. In my out-of-body dreams I sometimes visited the people who lived in the other studios. My plan was to come in and say, "Guess what! I'm really in bed asleep!", but when I entered I would see unfamiliar people and objects, and the people who lived there would be in unfamiliar forms but I knew it was them.

A man who lived in one of the studios went away for a few weeks, and a woman came to live there while he was gone. I'll call her M. because she didn't have any m's in her name at all. She was a pale Celtic type. Each morning she'd be sitting at the kitchen table writing down last night's dreams in a blank book because her therapist had told her to do it. By that time I had acquired a number of books on dream work and I loaned her some of them. She loaned me some books on psychology.

One night I had an out-of-body dream and in the dream I went across the common area to see M. When I entered her room I encountered a tall old woman who was wearing glasses. M. was there also, in the form of a stuffed chair, saying "Please sit on me."

Next morning I told M. I described the old woman and M. recognized this person as her mother whom she had dreamed about that night. The stuffed chair also corresponded to something M. had dreamed. Later M. drew a picture of herself in the form of a sofa and gave it to me.

The following week I went into M.'s room again in a dream and saw some people and things, and I told her about them the next day. It turned out that these, too, were people and things she had been thinking and dreaming about. She told me to stop doing it because it was making her nervous. I agreed to stop.

The week after that, I dreamed someone got into bed with me. When I rolled over, it was M., naked. As I've said, these dreams were very tactile and very realistic. We were clinging to each other in bed when some men came into my room and started talking and making noise. I yelled at them and then woke up.

Since then I've read a story by Thomas Hardy about a similar incident occurring between two lovers. I don't remember much about this story. It's in one of the many books of ghost stories that I have, and I can't seem to find it now, but the thing I remember about it is that each of the lovers dreamed that the other one had gotten into his/her bed. Neither dreamed of getting into the other's bed. This made me think that maybe Hardy knew something about this kind of thing, and maybe M. dreamed that I had gotten into bed with her just as I dreamed that she had gotten into bed with me.

Anyway, next morning I came out of my room and found that all the books I had loaned M. had been placed in a pile on the kitchen table. She didn't talk to me for two days afterward, and not very much after that, and not about dreams.

I've seen her three times since, at parties. We are cordial to each other but not overly friendly.

Your pal,
Don Donahue

Like Dude, I thought you needed help 'cuz you had had a bad accident and you were laying there dying, I mean you already looked dead all sprawled out on your back and I don't know if you were bleeding or what but I went "Oh my God, I gotta do something!!" so I dove down on top of you and started giving you these really weird, really lame chest compressions with my hands separated, one on each ribcage and like I guess it was wrong 'cuz you sprang to life and yelled in that really mean voice the way you yell at your nephews "Ouch! that hurts, stop it!!!"

Dude ... L.H R

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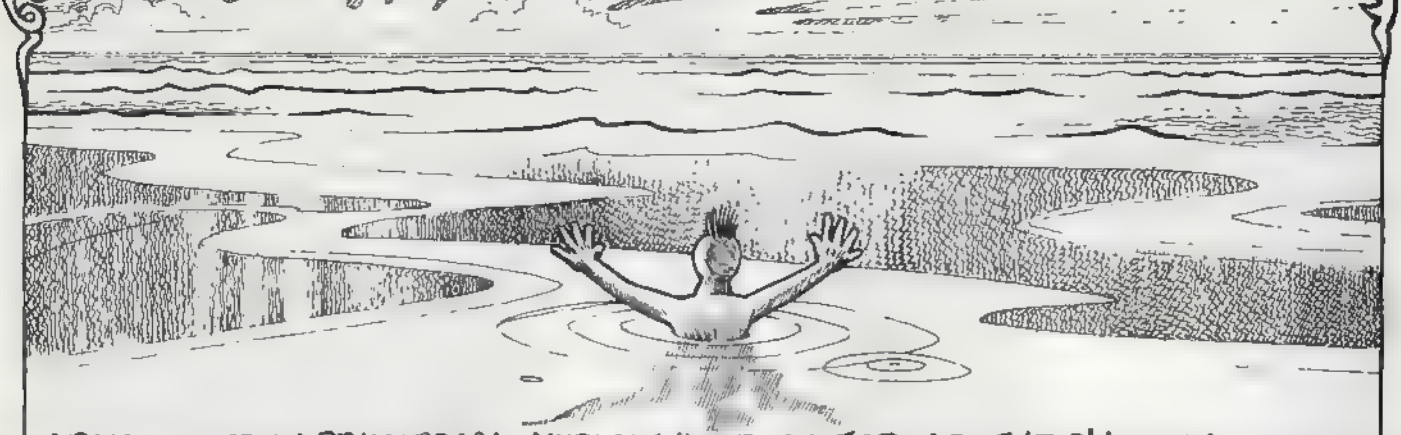
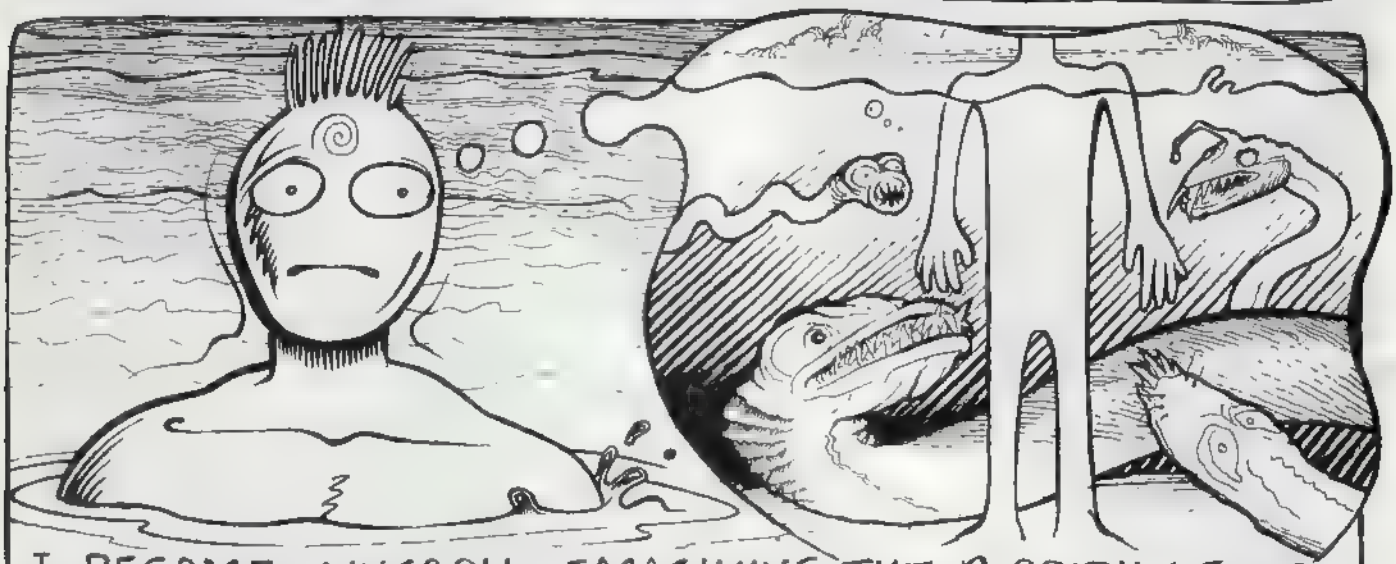
MIKE'S DREAM

© 1990 EROL OTUS

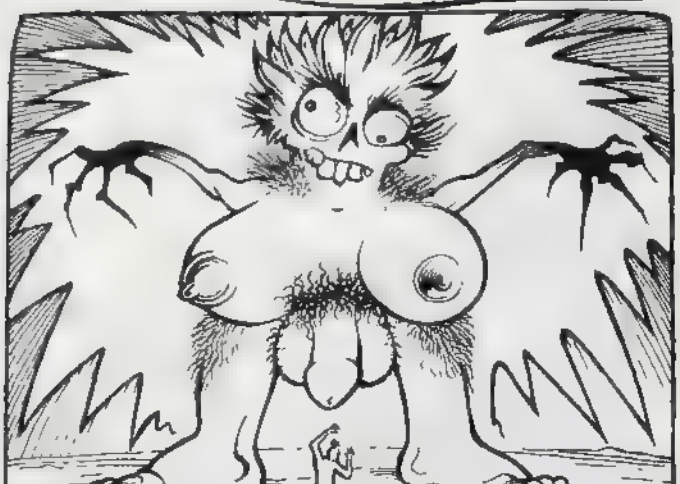


ARMPIT DEEP IN PRIMORDIAL MURKY WATER AS FAR AS THE EYE COULD SEE,



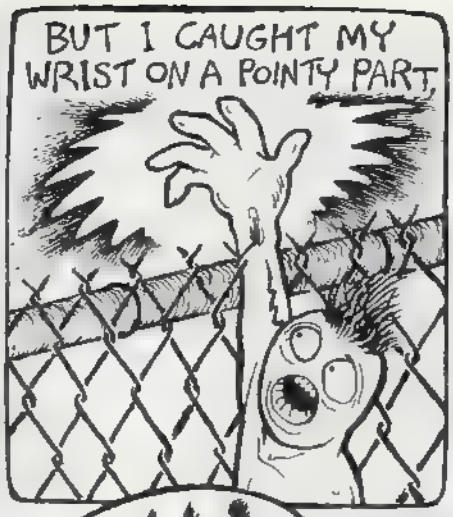
I BECAME UNEASY IMAGINING THE POSSIBILITIES.

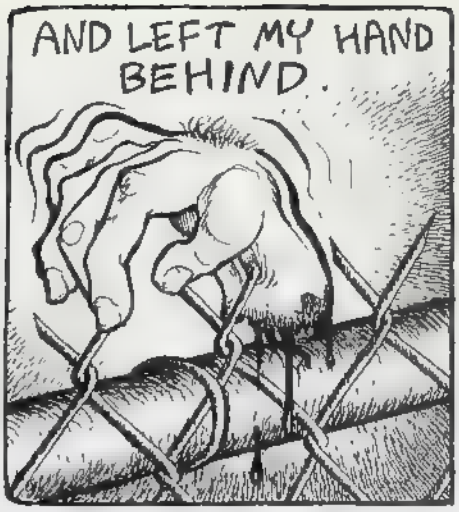
I BEGGED FOR FORGIVENESS AND UNDERSTANDING,



BUT NONE WAS FORTHCOMING.

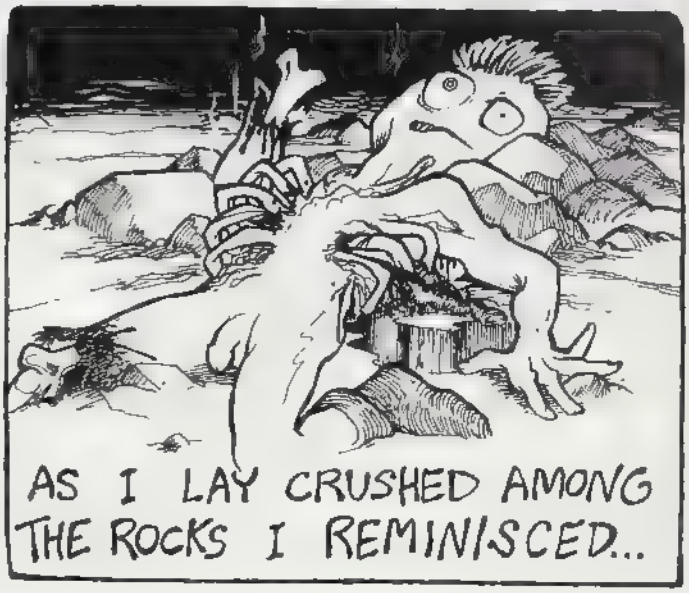
SO I ESCAPED,
OVER A CYCLONE FENCE


BUT I CAUGHT MY WRIST ON A POINTY PART,


AND LEFT MY HAND BEHIND.

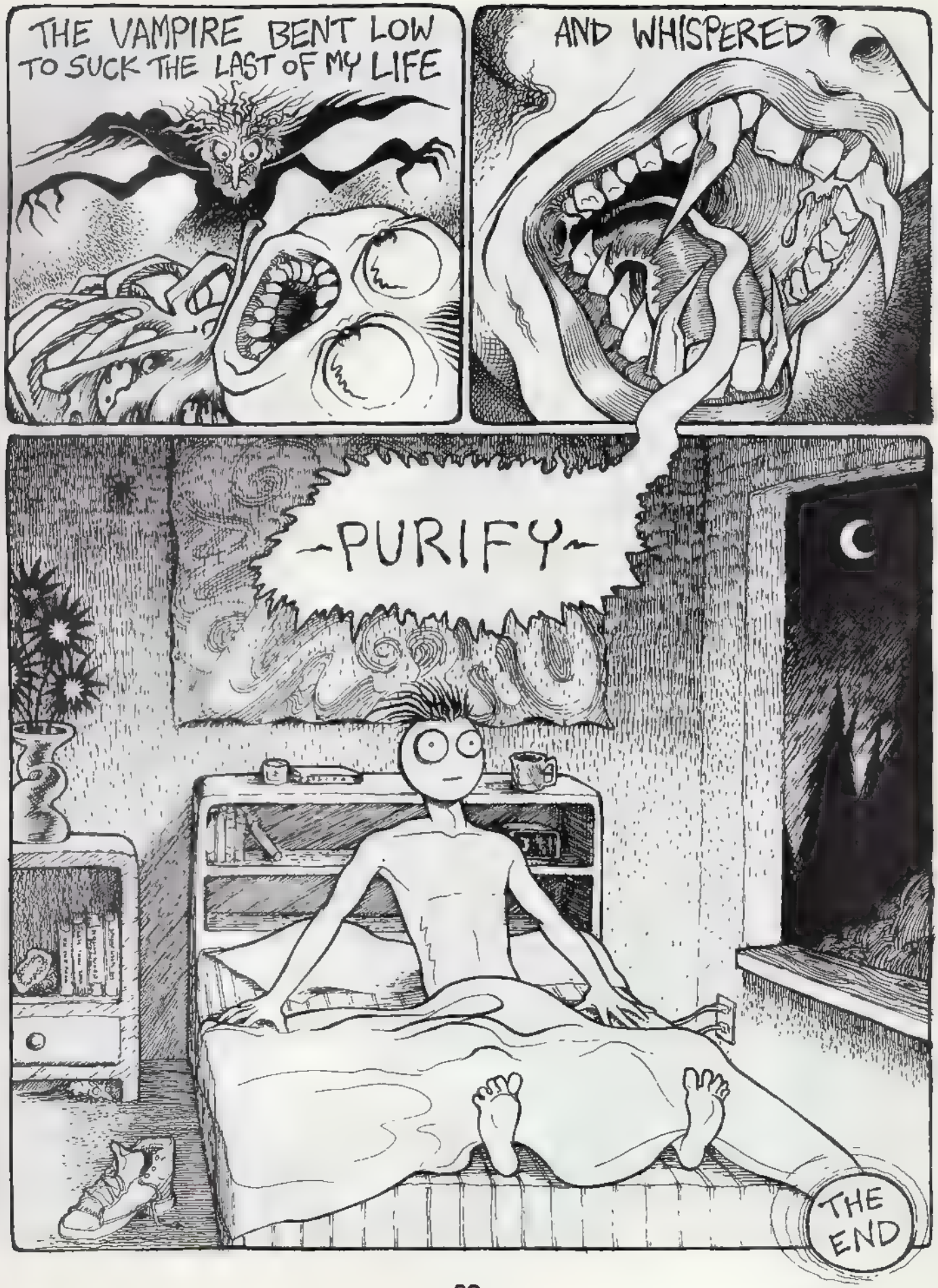
AHA!
THIS MEANT THE VAMPIRE COULD TELL I WAS NOT A REAL VAMPIRE, BECAUSE I WAS BLEEDING.

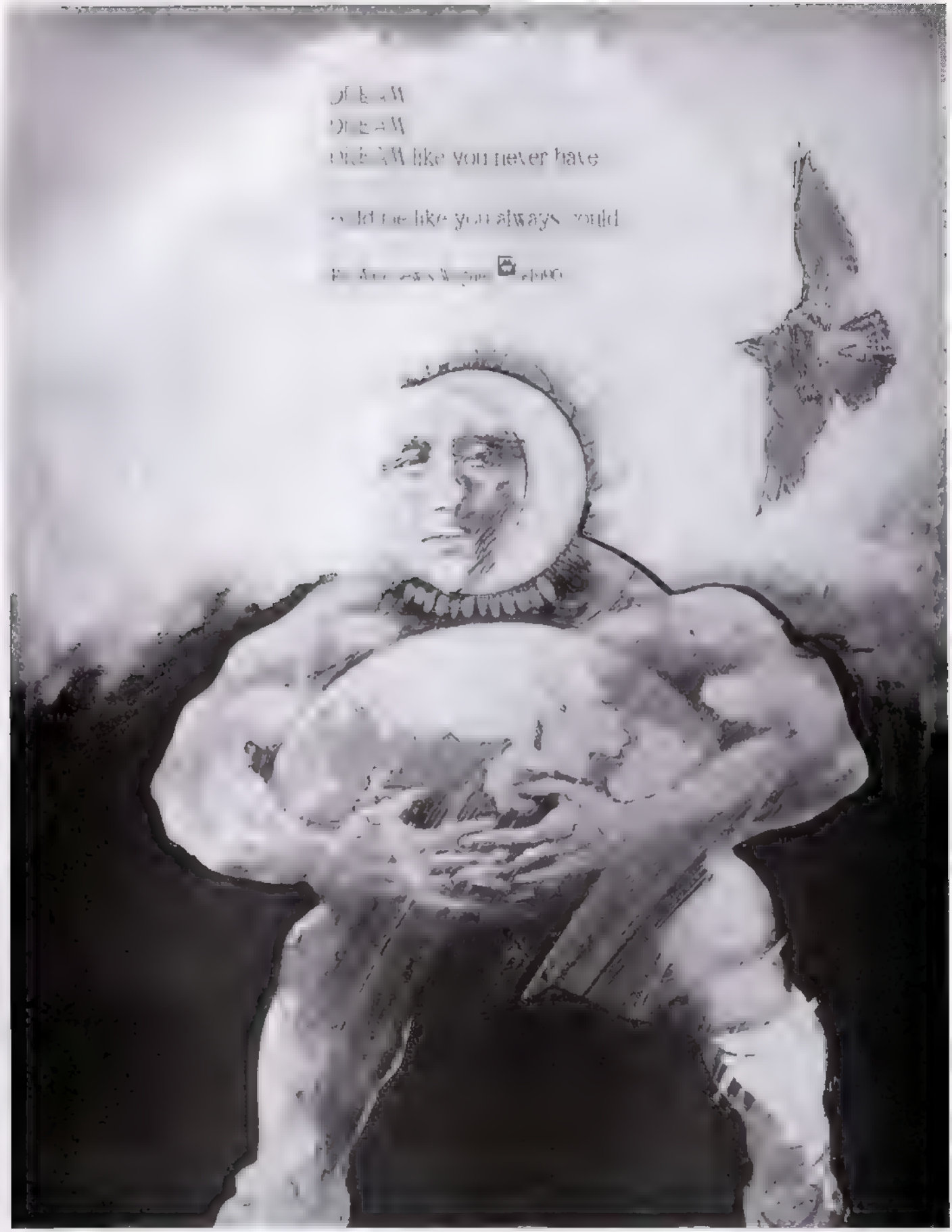
HE CHASED ME 'ROUND THE CASTLE 'TIL I HAD TO JUMP FROM THE HIGHEST PARAPET TO ESCAPE.
GRRRR
YAAAA


AS I LAY CRUSHED AMONG THE ROCKS I REMINISCED...

IT WAS THE 1ST GRADE AND ME AND MY GIRLFRIEND WERE BATS, AND LIVED HIGH ABOVE THE VILLAGE IN A CAVE.

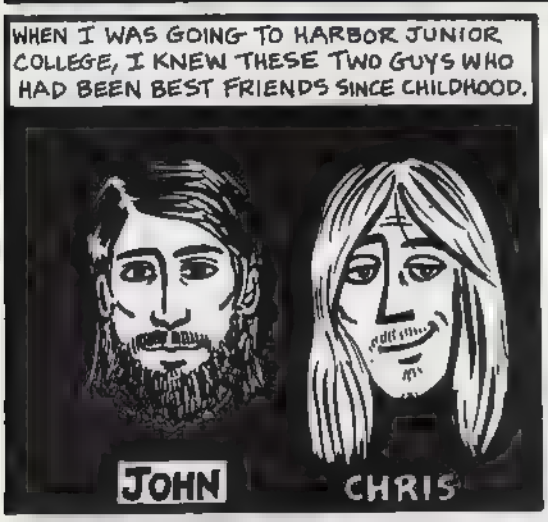
YEARS LATER I HAD FORGOTTON THIS NOBLE AND PURE LOVE; GIANT WOMAN HEADS LICKED MY BODY.
YET I HAD BECOME NUMB TO THE PLEASURES I WAS A ZOMBIE, WHO COULDN'T WAKE UP, UNTIL...

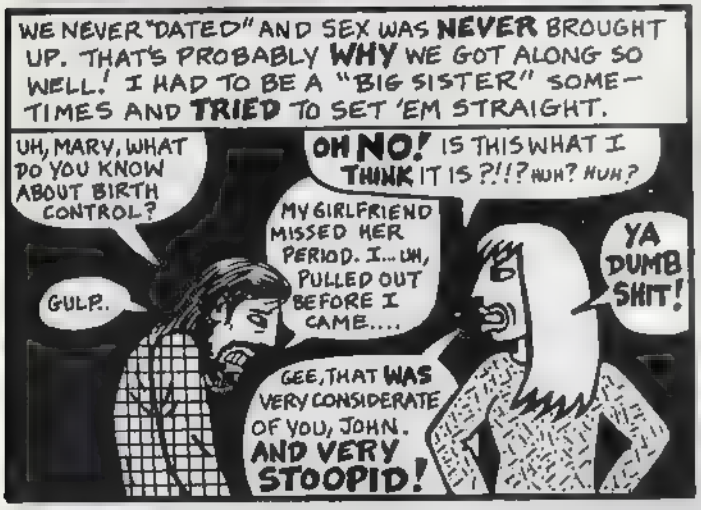

THE VAMPIRE BENT LOW TO SUCK THE LAST OF MY LIFE
AND WHISPERED
~PURIFY~
THE END

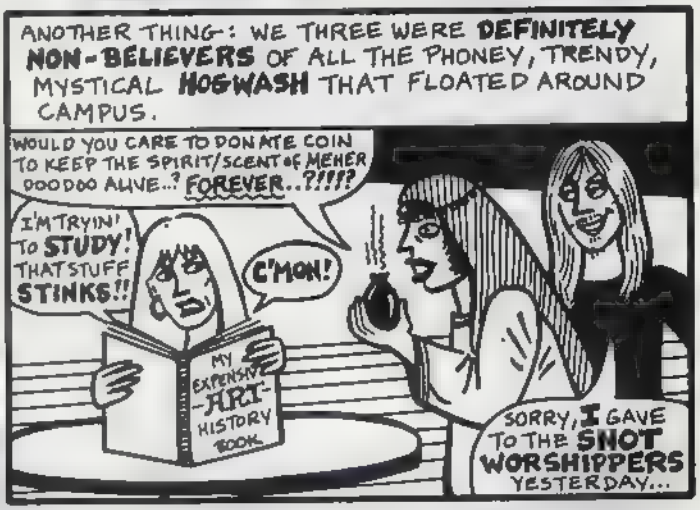

like you never have
like you always would

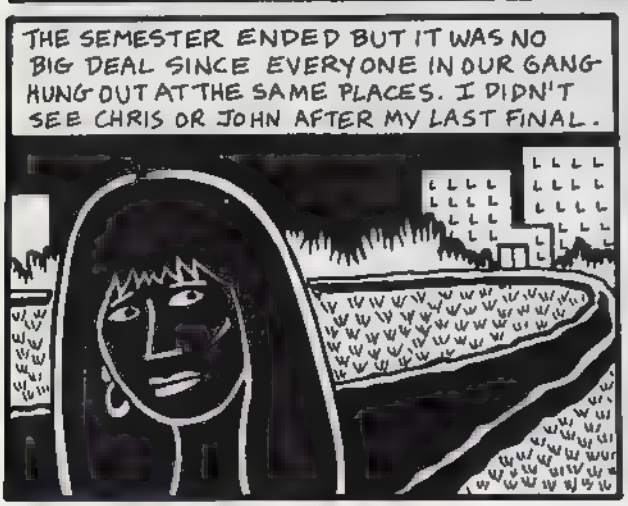
JOHN SAYS GOODBYE

A TRUE STORY BY MARY FLEENER ©1990



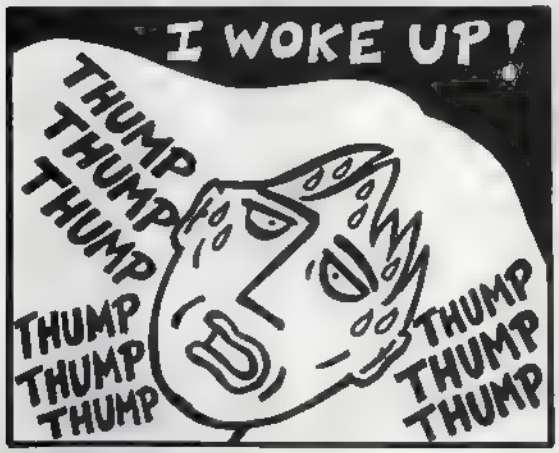




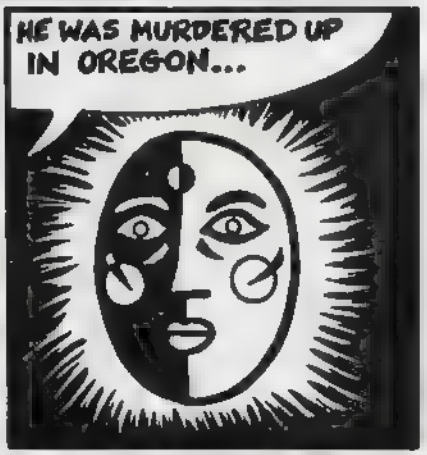


I DREAM I'M FLYING... I'M NAKED AND IT'S WARM
LITTLE SWIRLS OF COLOR
JOHN! YOUR HAIR'S SO LONG...
WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR BEARD?

UTTER JOY! A FEELING OF OVERWHELMING ACCEPTANCE - BEYOND LOVE BEYOND SEX
WE WERE FLYING, AND HOLDING HANDS AND I NEVER WANTED TO LEAVE, BUT, ALL OF A SUDDEN...


I WOKE UP!
THUMP THUMP THUMP
THUMP THUMP THUMP
THUMP THUMP THUMP

A FEW DAYS LATER I WENT TO THIS PARTY...
OH HIIIIIIII!!
DID YOU HEAR ABOUT JOHN?!!


HE WAS MURDERED UP IN OREGON...

THEY FOUND HIM IN A POND - HIS BOOTS AND WALLET WERE MISSING. THIS WAS A MONTH AGO! WE JUST FOUND OUT THIS MORNING!
DOES CHRIS KNOW?
YEAH
D... DID... HE STILL HAVE A BEARD?

NO! I THOUGHT YOU KNEW THAT. WHY'D YOU ASK?

THE END

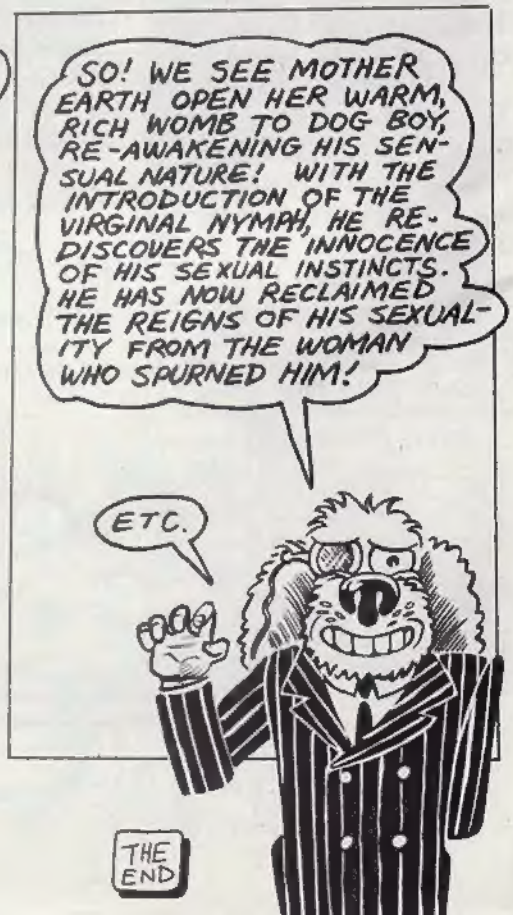
BAD SPELL ©1990 G. PARSONS

The LAST "SPELL" I HAD WAS OVER 10 YEARS AGO.
A RECURRING STORYLINE —
I'D START OUT AS MYSELF
AS The DREAM PROGRESSED I'D BECOME A FAMOUS SUPERHERO —
BULLETS WOULD BOUNCE OFF, I COULD NEVER DIE
BUT THEY DIDNT BOUNCE OFF... The BULLETS HIT & KILLED ME
ONE NIGHT, JUST BEFORE The BULLETS HIT, I BECAME The PRESIDENT
J.F.K. HADNT BEEN ELECTED YET BUT IT WAS OBVIOUS THAT HE WAS The "GOOD GUY" & THAT NIXON WAS The "BAD GUY". & THAT The GOOD GUY ALWAYS WON. IT WAS WORSE TO DIE AS THE PRESIDENT THAN TO DIE AS The SUPERHERO. I KNEW The SUPERHERO WAS IMAGINARY & THAT J.F.K. WAS REAL & I LIKED HIM BETTER THAN ANY STUPID TELEVISION THING.
A FEW YEARS LATER WHEN J.F.K. WAS KILLED
IT FELT LIKE WE WERE ALL IN A BAD DREAM
SEEING The PRINCIPALS FACE SO UNMASKED HE WAS ABOUT To. OR HAD JUST BEEN CRYING IT WAS The ONLY TIME HE SEEMED HUMAN
FOR The FIRST TIME I WASN'T The ONLY ONE
WHO COULDNT WAKE UP.

PUSSY
A GOOD THING!

LATER ON, DOG BOY FIND HIMSELF OUT IN THE FOOTHILLS.

HE FINDS AN OPENING TO A HOT SPRING ON THE MOUNTAINOUS DESERT LAND. THE WALLS OF THE GASH INTO THE EARTH OOZE WARM WATER, CASCADING DOWN INTO FOLDS OF WARM MUD.



STEVE LAFLER

THE END

ONCE, A HUGE HAIL STORM STRUCK OUR CITY. HAILSTONES THE SIZE OF WALNUTS WERE FALLING FROM THE SKY. MY MOTHER PUT A CAST IRON SKILLET OVER HER HEAD SO SHE COULD GO OUTSIDE TO BRING ONLY A FEW FEET FROM MY CRIB. NOBODY HEARD THE CRASH OF THE HAILSTONE THAT WENT THROUGH OUR ROOF, SLOWLY WAS COVERED WITH SEVERAL INCHES OF HAILSTONES MELTING IN THE SUMMER HEAT. BY THE TIME PARENTS WERE UNABLE TO HEAR MY SCREAMS FROM THE CAR INTO THE GARAGE. THE NOISE WAS SO LOUD THAT MY OUTSIDE. EVERYWHERE YOU LOOKED THE GROUND THE DIN WAS SO LOUD. AFTER THE STORM PASSED WE ALL WENT WERE SO SWOLLEN WITH WATER THAT PARTS OF MY FAVORITE TEDDY BEAR WAS UNCOVERED THE GUTTERS

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